FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Lightning-rod Conference lately held in England decided that copper is the best material in use in rods.

—The favorite hat of the Kaiser is an old gray affair he has worn, spring and fall, for twenty-five years. The Emperor of Germany is no dude.

—Although London is a great center of evangelizing schemes, it contains 6,000 gin mills, 150,000 known thieves, and more than 1,000,000 people who never enter a church.

—The last census of India shows that there are 21,000,000 widows in the realm. This large number is accounted for by reason of a law preventing widows from marrying.

—As a further means of preventing any explosives being carried into the House of Commons, all boxes and portmanteaus which may be brought for use in the committee rooms are searched by the police at the door of St. Stephen's Hall.

—In Vienna the law compels a married man to obtain permission from his wife before he can go up in a balloon. Up to date there has not been one application refused, and the authorities are beginning to fear the law might as well be repealed.

—The following odd advertisement is from a Roman paper: "A gentleman who suffers from ennui invites a lady, married or single, to breakfast or dine with him, without ceremony once a week. If desired he promises as a gentleman to keep the secret. If the acquaintance should ripen into affection, all the better. Ladies in want of a dinner may apply to—— Rome."

—One day recently Meissonier called at Detaille's house, and finding him out, went into the billiard-room to have some practice. In making a difficult stroke he cut a whole in the cloth, and being unable to repair it, pasted a bit of paper over it and made thereon an exquisite little sketch. An art collector has offered $200 for the patch, but Detaille will not part with it.

—General Villegas, of the Argentine Republic, who has been conducting a campaign against the Indians, "has" says a Buenos Ayres paper, "not only scoured the country clean of Indians, but has discovered the long-lost pass of Bariloche over the Andes—a pass that for the last 100 years has been held by the Indians, and which facilitated their robberies of cattle on our estancias, as the stolen cattle were swept off and driven over the Andes through this very pass, which is the best of all, and is in fact a carriage road over the Andes. The Argentine Government now holds this historic pass, and the Indians can no longer avail themselves of it."

—A stern reformer is the Prince of Montenegro. Some time ago he closed all the cafes and drinking shops in his dominion, regarding them as schools of effeminacy, extravagance and corruption. Then he abolished all titles, so that while formerly every other man in Montenegro was an "Excellency," now even the Ministers have to be content with plain "Mr." And now the Prince has issued an interdict against all "luxurious wearing apparel," including cravats, gloves, walking-sticks, parasols and umbrellas. And no one dares complain, because the Prince himself lives up to the strictest letter of his laws.

The Circus of the Future.

It is not possible that anybody has forgotten the circus of his boyhood days. Then they were used to having an elephant or two. They had a camel and a few other animals. There was but one ring, and the performers did not live in hotels, but tried to be contented with whatever good things—more likely they were bad—the gods sent them. There were no sleeping-cars then. The happiest man was he who could pick up a nap here or there on the road, when the fit took him, undisturbed by the roaring of the lion or the loud talk of his keeper. Circuses (then) went to small towns, comparatively speaking, such as the big shows of this day can not afford to visit. One tent, one brass band, one rope-walker, one elephant, or possibly two or one great rider, and a few other individual specimens—these made up the show of the days of our fathers. Talking with a friend just now, he recalled the memories of his first circus down in Plymouth County, and more than fifty years ago. There was one elephant attached to that—"Bet," by name—and she not many years after crushed the head of her keeper, which he confidingly placed in her mouth. Foolish man, foolish elephant. The animals of this day are better trained and held in closer subjection. In the old days some of these shows exhibited in the open air—in the tavern yard, or some other convenient place. While here at the North, one day or two was enough; in smaller southern towns a show would stay a week. Here fifteen miles was as far as you could expect a man to go with his family to a circus. Down there, fifty miles wasn't a great distance.

There is nothing particularly new about the circus of the present. There is an awful lot more of it—too much, some people think. But Mr. Watson had other ideas of the circus of the past. His recollection went no further back, but his suggestions did. There have been circuses for two thousand years, and, if one thinks for a minute, it will be seen how easy was the transition from the old circus of classical days to that of these later times. Twenty centuries ago they did things on a tremendous scale. In Rome, for example, there was the Circus Maximus. In the time of Julius Cæsar it was 1,875 feet long and 625 wide. The depth of the building surrounding the space was about 312 feet. Its dimensions were subsequently much greater. All the circi in Rome, of which there were a considerable number, are nearly obliterated, but a circus on the Appian way, about two miles from Rome, known as the Circus of Maxentine, is still in a state of preservation. Its construction is believed to have differed very little from that of other ancient buildings for similar purposes. Along the sides at the end were ranges of stone seats for the spectators. At the other end were the carceres, or stalls, covered and furnished with gates, in which the horses and chariots remained until, on a given signal, the gates were thrown open. In the center was the *spina*, a long and broad wall, round which the chariots were driven, terminating at both ends in *milae*, or goals. The games were inaugurated by a procession from the capitol, in which persons bearing the images of the gods went first, and were followed by the performers in the games, the consuls and others. The circus was particularly designed for races. A pitched battle was sometimes represented. Sea fights were occasionally exhibited. Vast sums of money were expended under the empire for the killing of wild beasts. Pompey gave public exhibitions in the circus for five successive days, during which five hundred lions and twenty elephants were destroyed.

"The circus of the future," said Mr Watson, "interests me much more than the exhibitions of the days and years gone by. Think of its possibilities! We can't do things on the scale of the Romans. The coming showman will consider our big shows too big. Even now people look with suspicion upon the man who honestly advertises that he can seat fifteen thousand people under his canvas. But what a little handful that is compared with the throngs who were accommodated, as the existing ruins show they could be, at Rome and Athens and Alexandria. In Jerusalem, it may interest some people to know, there are the ruins of a great circus building. But none of these were to be compared to Rome's Circus Maximus, which had altars and chapels, images and statutes of the deities. In it was an iron railing as high as one man upon another, and also a ditch to protect the people from possible injury from the performers. Now, what this suggests to me is that the circus of the present will disappear; the circus of a half-century ago nobody wants. The circus of twenty centuries ago we can not have. What we shall have is a combination. The magnificence and permanence of structures of the Roman empire, the simplicity and singleness, so to speak, of the more recent days, but no three-ring displays. They sound well when you read an advertisement, but few people can look in two directions at once. They are the best we have, but by and by we shall have better; the best the world can afford in the way of novelties and feats of skill and daring, but as much superior in style and surroundings to the show of to-day as can be imagined. A combination of European solidity with American enterprise and liberality. Think of this for a possibility—in Boston and New York and Philadelphia, in Chicago and Cincinnati and New Orleans, suppose we had substantial, handsome buildings elegantly finished like those in Paris or Berlin, or a half dozen other European cities. Would there not be drawn even larger crowds than we have had here? And there is another thing. Speaking of the contrasts between the two continents—in the European cities where companies are located for months, as I would have them in the cities I have named, there is a change of the bill every night in the week. A man of family can go to-night and see a different performance from what was given last night. No more men would be employed, but they would be able to do more than one thing—they could ride or perform on the trapeze or perhaps do a half dozen things as might be required. See what a saving of expense this would cause. A circus cheaper, more fashionable, more varied in its attractions, more pleasing to the public and less wearing upon the performers—this is the circus of the future.—*Boston Herald.*

Sun-Fish Shooting.

The sun-fish is, as regards its general appearance, truly a "caution" to the fish tribe. One of its most frequent haunts is off the wild and rocky coasts of the west of Ireland. Its length varies from five to nearly seven feet from the nose to the tail, if, indeed, such an apology for a caudal appendage may be called a tail. It is from three to four and a half feet in depth, from seven to nine feet in girth, and its extreme thickness varies from one and a half to two feet. When full-grown these fish attain to an enormous weight, specimens having been killed which were estimated to weigh over a ton. The sun-fish make their appearance on the west coast of Ireland as soon as the warm weather begins. They are gregarious for the greater part of the season, moving about in "schools" in numbers varying from five to ten, but as the autumn draws on they are more frequently to be met with singly.

On a warm day, when the sea is calm, these fish may be observed lazily gliding through the water, with their great dorsal fins projecting from the surface. Or they may as frequently be seen basking on the surface with sea-gulls perching on their backs and pecking at the parasites which they find upon the huge monsters. When struck with a bullet just at the butt of the dorsal fin, the movements of this great fish are truly wonderful. At one moment he will turn round and round, churning the water into masses of foam. Bullet after bullet is then fired into the fish, the shots being easily obtained, since the fish usually remains at the surface, if the first shot between the fin and backbone has been successful.

In the case before us the fish, after receiving five shots (fired, by the way, from a double-express rifle), disappeared bodily, leaving a large part of the sea white with foam and flecked with blood. Yet only for a minute. Not many yards in front of the boat our piscine friend, *O mirabile visu!* suddenly burst up from the water and rose four or five feet into the air, and then striking the water with its expansive side caused a tremendous report.

After receiving eight shots, the fish finally succumbed, and while one of the boat's crew held up the defunct brute with a gaff, another fastened a rope to one of its fins, and then the prize was towed to shore. Yet the fish is comparatively valueless; for, notwithstanding its great size, very little oil is obtained from its liver, the average quantity being about four gallons.

As a sport sun-fish shooting takes a prominent place among its votaries, and, moreover, little skill is required, for if one can affirm his ability to hit a fair-sized haycock at the distance of ten yards, he may make pretty certain of hitting the ugly sun-fish, if he be not overcome by excitement.—*London Graphic.*

About Sign-Boards.

Interrogated on the subject, a large manufacturer of signs stated:

"The business in this city has advanced considerably within a recent period. Formerly merchants were content with a plain board upon which was painted their names, and displayed the crude affair in a way that often detracted from its value. The tremendous competition in mercantile life and the lavish use of advertising has given sign-making a great impetus. From a small industry it has been elevated into an extensive business, divided into many departments, employing in its uses a long list of materials, keeping alive and in a flourishing condition hundreds of shops, and giving employment to hundreds of workmen, designers and artisans, skilled and unskilled."

"Mention a few of the materials used in the manufacture of signs."

"Iron, zinc, copper, brass, silver, and sometimes gold, the less precious jewels and mineral dust, glass, paper, chemicals, etc. The list is too long to go over without a memorandum. Signs are made of homogeneous and of heterogeneous materials. They are molded, or cut, or carved, or hammered together. There is hardly a branch of applied physics which is not in a general way called on for contributions in their manufacture. Chemistry is also searched for new combinations of colors which shall include a greater durability and vividness."

"The different departments in the manufacture, what are they?"

"Signs are divided into distinct varieties. There are the metal signs, the glass signs, the image signs and the wooden signs. All these shade into grades, each of which is separate from the rest. Metal signs are usually shield-shaped. The material—copper, zinc or sheet-iron—is cut according to the pattern, and silver and gold-plated, as the case may be. The edges are then treated, and the letters are cut into it by a graver and enameled. The whole is then polished, and when fitted with wooden braces is ready to be set up. It passes through the hands of several special workmen in the process. Illuminated signs made of glass are among the best of advertising mediums. They are made under patents by a number of establishments in the East. From a beginning of simple painted glass the illuminated shields, and banners, and spheres, and various other shapes you see adorning restaurant and theatre fronts at night have become very complex and beautiful affairs. Stained glass and German jewels are used in their make-up. Some of them—the best specimens—rival mosaics, except that, unlike these curios, they are translucent.

"As in their infancy certain trades are still designated by their peculiar signs. The shoemaker displays a boot, the apothecary a mortar and pestle, the butcher a joint, and so on. The fact is one of the minor illustrations of the truth that human nature, despite the influences of a high civilization, is homely, and like homely things, changes little. These signs formerly were made of wood. Zinc and copper have replaced that material. The working of these minerals in this form is another department of sign-making. It requires designers, men of artistic sense and training, and artisans who execute, the same as the assistants who copy in marble the creation which the sculptor has built in clay. Metal images, often works of decidedly artistic merit, are manufactured chiefly in Troy and a few other places in the Eastern States.

"There are a great many smaller signs," he continued, "for windows and showcases which are built on the principle that novelty is the cardinal virtue of an advertising device. These, however, are well covered by patents and are more or less ephemeral. Against them all the old board holds its own. It is the most extensively used, and constitutes in consequence the largest department of sign-making. A few edge-tools and plenty of paint measure the manufacturing necessities of a shop devoted to this branch. But simple as are the materials and tools, the work they do is constantly improving in beauty, and I may say in cost. There is a keen rivalry among business firms in the direction of the attractions of their store-fronts. Profuse gilded lettering is not enough now. They go in for novelty. The sign-maker is required to use scarcely less paint and gilding, but his invention is taxed to work up the boards in new forms. Lettering is more elaborate, and so also are borders. There is elaborate carving, both of letters and backgrounds. Plants and animals, domestic utensils are imitated, silver and diamond dust are sprinkled in—in short, the average down-town sign-board is becoming not only an object of pleased and wondering attention to the observer, but not infrequently an investment of considerable capital to the owner, and with al a product of which an artist may well be proud."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Fish Lore.

I deny altogether that the cold-blooded fish—looked on with contempt so far as its intellectual powers are concerned—is stupid or slow to learn. On the contrary, fish are remarkably quick, not only under natural conditions, but quick at accommodating themselves to altered circumstances which they could not foresee, and the knowledge how to meet which could not have been inherited. The basking jack is not alarmed at the cart-horse's hoofs, but remains quiet, let them come down with ever so heavy a thud. He has observed that these vibrations never cause him any injury. He hears them at all periods of the day and night, often with long intervals of silence and with every possible variation. Never once has the sound been followed by injury or by anything to disturb his peace. So the rooks have observed that passing trains are harmless, and will perch on the telegraph wires or poles over the steam of the roaring locomotive. Observation has given them confidence. Thunder of wheels and immense weight in motion, the open furnace and glaring light, the faces at the long tier of windows—all these terrors do not ruffle a feather. A little boy with wooden clapper can get a flock in retreat immediately. Now, the rooks could not have acquired this confidence in the course of innumerable generations; it is not hereditary; it is purely what we understand by intelligence. Why are the rooks afraid of the little boy with the clapper? Because they have noticed his hostile intent. Why is the basking jack off the instant he hears the slight step of a man? He has observed that after this step there have often followed attempts to injure him; a stone has been flung at him, a long pole thrust into the water; he has been shot at or felt the pinch of a wire. He remembers this, and does not wait for the attempt to be repeated, but puts himself into safety. If he did not realize that it was a man—and possibly an enemy—he would not trouble. The object consequently of the tricks of the poacher is to obliterate himself. If you can contrive to so move, and to so coduct yourself that the fish shall not recognize you as his enemy, you can do much as you please with him, and in varying degrees it is the same with animals.

Think a moment by what tokens a fish recognizes a man. First, his light and, compared with other animals, brisk step—a two step instead of a four step, remember; two feet, not four hoofs. There is a difference at once in the rhythm of the noise. Four hoofs can by no possibility produce the same sound, or succession of sounds, as is made even by four feet—that is, by two men. The beats are not the same. Secondly, by his motions, and especially the brisk motions of his arm. Thirdly, by this briskness itself; for most animals, except man, move with a slow motion—paradox as it may seem—even when they are going along fast. With them it is usually repose in action. Fourthly—and this is rather curious—experience seems to show that fish and animals and birds certainly recognize man by his hat or cap, to which they have a species of superstitious dislike. Hats are generally of a different hue to the rest of the suit, for one thing; and it was noted, a century ago, that wild creatures have a particular objection to a black hat. A covering to the head at all is so opposite to their own ideas that it arouses suspicion, for we must remember that animals look on our clothes as our skin. To have a black skin over the hair of the head is somewhat odd. By all these signs a fish knows a man immediately, and as certainly as any creature moving on land would know him. There is no instinctive or hereditary fear of man at all—it is acquired by observation (which a thousand facts demonstrate), so that we are quite justified in believing that a fish really does notice some or all of these attributes of its enemy. What the poacher or wild hunter has to do is to conceal these attributes. To hide the two step he walks as slowly as possible, not putting the foot down hard, but feeling the ground first, and gradually pressing it. In this way progress may be made without vibration. The earth is not shaken, and does not communicate the sound to the water. This will bring him to the verge of the place where the fish is basking.—*R. Jeffries, in London Graphic.*

A Father's Wanderings.

The story of John Henuse, who turned up in Reading a day or two ago after an absence of twenty-five years, is in many respects remarkable. When he disappeared Henuse had a wife and several children, the youngest of whom, Mary, then three months of age, is now married. Mrs. Henuse heard nothing of her husband until soon after the late war had begun, when she received a letter announcing that he had been conscripted into the Confederate army. Nothing more was heard from him, and he was mourned as dead. On Tuesday a bronzed and weather-beaten man of sixty-five years registered at the Berks County House. He wore long hair that fell upon his shoulders in curls and his ears were adorned with gold rings. It was the same John who disappeared a quarter of a century ago, seized with a longing to once more see his wife and children. He learned that they were still living. The meeting between the long-separated couple was not a gushing one. There were no tears of joy and no clinging in fond embrace, but nevertheless the prodigal husband was cordially greeted when he had established his identity.

Then he visited his youngest daughter, Mrs. Rolland. That lady was engaged at her household duties yesterday when she was suddenly confronted by a strange man.

"Your name is Mary," said he, breaking a short silence and advancing a step or two.

"Yes, that is my name," answered Mrs. Rolland, eyeing her strange visitor suspiciously. "What can I do for you?"

"I am your father, Mary, who left you when you were a babe three months old. Am I quite forgotten?" And tears came to the old man's eyes as he leaned against the counter and gazed at his daughter. Mrs. Rolland's first impulse was to summon assistance, for she feared the man was demented, but he stopped her and soon convinced her that his story was true, and then related to her his past life. He said when he left Reading he went to Virginia. Here, when the war broke out, he was forced into the army, and when on the march to Gettysburg he escaped, but was recaptured and placed on board a war vessel. He again escaped and then made his way westward, only to be captured by hostile Indians. For a time he was kept a close prisoner, but eventually he adopted their habits and mode of life, and was looked upon as a member of their tribe. He lived with his red brethren fifteen years, and during that time learned several dialects. Then came a yearning for the home of his youth. He bade his savage friends farewell, went to France, and after a brief sojourn there returned to America by way of Cuba. "Then I came to Reading," sorrowfully concluded the aged adventurer, "and I will leave again as quietly as I came. The city is strange to me, the people are all strange, and even my own family do not seem to recognize me. I will leave for the South; I have friends there." And he kept his word, for he left as suddenly as he came, not even bidding his wife and children farewell.—*Cor. Philadelphia Times*

Our Young Folks.

MOTHER'S MAN.

Buttoned boots with doubtful toes,
Knee pants, short and striped hose;
Hat with somewhat tattered brim,
Blouse with pockets for each whim;
Curly locks, and laughing eyes—
In their blue depths mischief lies—
Freckled nose, and cheek of tan,
Freddie, boy—his mother's man.

Common lad enough to see,
Quite like other boys is he;
This remark I made aside,
Freddie is his mother's pride:
And a "none such" to her eyes.
Thus she dreams: "Great, good and wise."
An honored chieftain is her plan
For sun-burned Freddy—mother's man.

May the blessings, little Fred,
That she craves fall on thy head.
Her heart will be kept proud and glad,
If thou art wise and shun the bad.
The truly great men are the good,
Then be thou kind, as all boys should,
And be an honored chief; you can
By doing good, mother's wee man.
—*Mrs. M. C. Dickerson, in Golden Days.*

KITTY AND I.

It happened many years ago, when we were both little girls, nearly the same age; but I am sure that we never forgot it.

We were spending the day at Farmer Brown's, a place we dearly loved to visit. We liked the walk, a mile and a half, through the cool, shady woods, leading from the little town in the valley to the farm on the hill. We liked the big, old apple orchard, just to the right of the house, where we often played all day. Then the old-fashioned rooms, having great windows, with their broad sills, and the long kitchen, where we took our meals at a table laden with bounties, were added charms. And oh! the days, when they knew that we were coming, that Miss Jane made us ice-cream—more of a rarity to children then than it is now.

This morning, in particular, bade fair to give us special delight. The sun shone brilliantly. We each had on pretty, new calico dresses. Best of all, Farmer Brown had promised us a ride home in the evening—for the woods grew very dark, and when we walked we had to start earlier than we liked. So we sauntered along, as light-hearted as the birds and the chipmunks, stopping to gather ferns—happy when we found a stray tuft of maiden-hair.

I had in my arms Kitty's doll. Mine was dressed exactly like hers, except that Kitty's, being a black-eyed beauty, wore a pink sash over her white dress, while my fair Seraphina had a blue ribbon. But ah! luckless me! We were seating ourselves on a great stone by the road-side, when my clumsy fingers let fall the doll. Oh! her beautiful china head split through the nose, from crown to chin.

At first, I was thoroughly contrite, and with a quick sense of justice was about to say: "O Kitty! I'm so sorry! you shall have Seraphina;" and, had that not been enough, would have added: "Yes, and my little gray pussy, too." Surely I could do no more. But I was too slow. Before I could speak, quick, impulsive Kitty jumped up, gave me a push, and called out angrily:

"O you horrid, careless girl! You're always breaking something. I'll never play with you again, and I'll never, never speak to you. So there!"

Leaving Seraphina, and snatching the wounded doll, she ran off without me.

I sat awhile, sobbing bitterly, for a sense of injustice rankled in my mind. I resolved, firmly, that, if Kitty did want to make up with me, as often happened, after our quarrels, I would not answer her, and would punish her by making friends with another cousin, as Kitty was always afraid I would. Drying my tears I went on, too angry to think of any shame in meeting Miss Jane and Miss Susan.

As soon as I got there, Kitty having told all the story, and been easily convinced that she had been too hasty, rushed out the gate, and threw her arms about me with "Oh, I'm so sorry! I oughtn't to have been so cross, for you didn't mean to do it."

But I was too stubborn to yield, and stiffly withdrew myself, and walked past her into the house. Kitty followed, her blue eyes full of tears at the repulse. I bade good morning to Miss Jane and Miss Susan. They, wise ladies, treated us as usual, concluding that it was best to leave us to ourselves.

We went to the apple orchard, but somehow the flavor had gone out of the day. Seraphina required a more than usual amount of punishment, and even the wounded came in for her share. After a while, Kitty wandered away, and I was left alone.

Suddenly it grew very dark, and, looking up, I saw that the sky was black with clouds. I ran quickly to the house. There, busy about the noon dinner, the darkness had obliged Miss Jane to light the lamps. Seeing me come, she thought, of course, that Kitty was following, but I had not seen her for some time. The heat grew stifling, the air was filled with electricity. The clouds hung low, and each moment grew more threatening. To increase my terror, no rain fell, and, childishly, I feared the world might take fire and burn up—and where was Kitty?

Blacker and blacker grew the clouds, and darker and more lurid grew the day. I looked anxiously out of the window in the direction where Kitty had gone; but nowhere did I see any traces of her. Every moment I expected to see her hurrying along to the house; but the moments passed without bringing her. At last I withdrew from the window, and seated myself hopelessly on my favorite chair. Where could Kitty be? Would I never see her again? The thought brought consternation to my childish breast. I cast aside my doll, and burying my face in my hands, I gave myself up to a stupor of despair.

A great peal of thunder, another and another, with vivid strokes of lightning, completely roused and terrified me. Oh! where, where was Kitty? Why had I not gone to hunt her?

A blinding flash, a heavy clap—and Kitty and I were in the middle of the room in each other's arms.

"O Kitty, Kitty! I was afraid—" and my words ended in convulsive sobs.

"Why, I was sound asleep the other side of the orchard fence, and the thunder woke me up." And we both cried and clung to each other.

Now the rain fell in torrents, and soon the storm had spent itself. When we felt that we could breathe freely once more, I begged Kitty to take Seraphina, and with her the gray pussy. And Kitty was sorry that she had been so hasty, and said I might play with Cousin Lill as much as I pleased.

While we were talking so pleasantly again, Farmer Brown came in and told us that Brindle, his finest cow, had been killed in the storm. They had found her where she had been browsing in the meadow, just the "other side of the orchard fence."

Kitty and I looked at each other with awe-struck faces. Suppose that we had been parted, each with anger in her heart towards the other. I can tell you that we never forgot it. And whenever we were tempted to be angry, a word or thought about the thunder-storm on the hill was enough.—*S. S. Times.*

Thoroughness.

A young New Englander, whose knowledge was more showy than deep, went many years ago to teach a district school in Virginia.

Among his pupils was a small, rather dull and insignificant looking boy, who annoyed him by his questions. No matter what the subject under discussion, this lad apparently never could get near enough to the bottom of it to be content.

One warm August morning, the teacher, with no little vanity in a knowledge universal in those days, began to lecture to the boys on the habits and characteristics of a fish which one of them had caught during recess. He finished, and was about to dismiss the school, when his inquisitive pupil asked about their gills and their use.

The question answered, others followed, concerning the scales, skin, flesh. The poor teacher struggled to reply with all the information at his command. But that was small, and the day grew warmer, and the Saturday afternoon's holiday was rapidly slipping away. "The school will now be dismissed," he said, at last.

"But the bones! You have told us nothing about the bones!" said the anxious boy.

Mr. Dash smothered his annoyance, and gave all the information he could command on the shape, structure and use of the bones.

"And now the school"—he began.

"What is inside of the bones?" stolidly came from the corner where the quiet boy was sitting.

Mr. Dash never remembered what answer he gave, but the question and his despair fixed themselves in his memory. Thirty-five years afterward he visited Washington and entered the room where the Justices of the Supreme Court were sitting.

The Chief-Justice, the most learned and venerated man of his day, was a man like St. Paul, whose bodily presence was contemptible.

The stranger regarded him at first with awe, then with amazement.

"It is the boy who went inside of the fish's bones!" he exclaimed.

If he had not tried to go inside of every "fish's bones" he would never have reached the lofty position which he held.

It is the boy who penetrates to the heart of the matter who is the successful scholar and afterwards lawyer, physician, philosopher or statesman.

It is the man whose ax is laid to the root, not the outer branches, whose religion is a solid foundation for his life here and beyond.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Under a Rock.

"I'm going to try 'em," said Grandpa Gray; and his eyes twinkled. Grandpa Gray's eyes were always twinkling.

He meant his three small grandsons, Hal and Herbie and Had.

So, at dinner grandpa said to grandma:

"I wish I had time to take that rock out of the yard there. It's a real eyesore to me."

"Can't we, grandpa?" asked the boys.

"Well—yes, if you want to," said he; "and I'll be much obliged to you."

So directly after dinner they set to work. It didn't look like a very large rock. But it was a good deal larger than it looked, really.

"Pooh!" said Herbie; "I'll take it out in no time," and he got a stout stick and tried to pry up the rock. But the stick broke and Herbie got a fall, from which he jumped up red and angry.

"Mean old thing!" said he; and he put his hands in his pockets and watched Hal and Had tug at it until their faces were red, too.

Then the three of them lifted together, but it wasn't a mite of use.

"Let's get the hoe!" said Had.

"And the littlest crowbar!" said Hal.

"And the shovel!", said Herbie.

So Had hoed around it and Herbie shoveled and Hal pushed the crowbar under the rock, and bore down on it with all his might. The afternoon was very warm, and the three little scarlet faces needed a great deal of mopping. But the boys wouldn't give it up.

"Poor little fellows!" said grandma, looking out through the vines.

But just then a great shout announced that the work was done; and there—there where the rock had lain were four silver dimes; one apiece and one for luck.

"Hurrah for grandpa!" cheered the boys; and at that very minute grandpa walked out of the house.

"Pretty well done!" said he, giving each little head a pat as he came to it. "Pretty—well—done!"

And now the boys are anxious to dig out another rock; but grandpa thinks may be silver dimes won't grow under the next one.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Captain J. H. Nichols, of Nacooche, Ga., claims to have the oldest and best-preserved pair of horses in the State, aged respectively twenty-one and twenty-three years. They attracted considerable attention in Macon at the fair in 1869, and the following year in Atlanta. They have trotted low down in the forties.

—Carriage horses are becoming very scarce in and around Kingston, Canada, and a number of gentlemen there have combined together to procure two hundred mustang ponies from Texas for carriage use.